R&R

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R&R

by itjustbe_sydney

Summary

> "When a hero returns to SDN, they'll need some R&R: Rest and Relaxation" - Phenomaman.

Notes

> I wrote this in two days. I apologize for any misspellings. I'll go back and make corrections as needed.
>
> Story idea from zephyr-otter on Tumblr.

No good deed goes unpunished. That was the unofficial official slogan for being a hero. Not the whole ‘Justice prevails!’ or ‘Evil cowards before our might!’ because those were all bullshit sayings. Ones used to call out a hero's arrival loudly to make everyone being rescued feel safe. What no one tells you or even talks about is the fact that for every good deed someone does, there’s some kind of counter balance.

Sure, Chase can run like no one before or after him. But that came with the price of aging to the point Robert had taken it upon himself to refer to the other as ‘Grandpa’.

Sure, Robert spent 15 years of his early life becoming Mecha Man and defending his home. The downside is that he was in ruin. Financially to emotionally to mentally, in ruin. Probably the only things surviving was his physical strength and tenacity. Which could only serve him so much.

Sure, Sonar has been spared from the chopping block. But Jesus fucking Christ, why was he now over working himself to the point that Malevola was breathing down Robert’s neck.

“You need to fix this.” The female demon demanded one morning before calls started coming in. Glaring down at Robert, who was practically trapped in his cubicle.

“I’m sorry, fix what?”

“Don’t be smart with me, you know ‘what’.”

“There are a lot of broken pieces laid at my feet at the moment. So, no, I don’t know ‘what’. Now either clarify for me what’s going on or start getting ready.”

“You need to stop sending Sonar out so much. I’m not sure what you’re telling him or if Blonde Fucker is threatening his position on the team again. But it needs to stop.”

Letting out a heavy breath, Robert’s shoulders sagged as he slouched in his chair.

The ‘cutting someone from the team’ incident barely happened a week ago. Robert still had Coop’s dagger thing resting in his pen mug as a painful reminder of how stupidly unfair this all was. While no one knew about it, Robert had tried to put in an argument for keeping everyone there. Especially after Invisigal’s arrest of that Red Ring member.

What was the purpose of creating a Phoenix Program if you’re just going to cut one of the ‘founding’ members to prove a point? What even was the point? What was the message? You don’t turn your life around fast enough and you just get kicked to the curb? They were all capable, it wasn’t anyone’s fault on that team that they had shitty dispatchers up until Robert got there. Sorry that he cared so much to treat them like people who had done shitty things but are trying to be better versions of themselves.

Doesn’t that count for something? That they were trying?

Apparently not. Robert’s words had done nothing to sway the board members, who had made this stupid ‘cut someone’ situation. Because they apparently thought the whole program idea was bad to begin with and wanted some reason to get rid of people they didn’t find important in.

Okay, maybe Robert was projecting a little on that last statement. But he wouldn’t be surprised if it was true.

All of this brought the situation back to the current problem at hand. Sonar, after realizing how close he’d been to actually being let go, had changed his tune. Kind of. The guy still did drugs, far more than Robert would have liked, but the semi-reformed villain had actually cut back. He still did some back talking. But the number of times he had volunteered, *no*, demanded that he’d go out on jobs was becoming…worrisome.

Sonar would finish up whatever job he’d been given then go and find another team to join.

Robert would make a group and Sonar would just butt himself in.

There would be clear indication that everyone was going on a break and Sonar would be out still. Claiming to be circling around just in case anything came up.

At first, Robert thought that Sonar was evading being at the SDN location just to avoid the awkwardness of almost being let go. Punch-Up made it perfectly clear how he felt. If the mountain of porn on Robert's computer as a 'prank' was any indication. The sort-of retired hero wouldn't have put it past the idea that Sonar was trying to stay away from negative situations.

But as the days went on, Robert's worries shifted to wondering if Sonar wasn't so much avoiding. And instead came to the conclusion that the hybrid was trying to prove that he was supposed to be here. That Robert's choice wasn't in vain.

Trying to prove that he, Sonar, wanted to be a hero.

Which now came to the issue that Malevola was demanding for Robert to fix.

"Okay, I'm worried about Sonar's current attitude towards his work too. But I don't know why you're coming to me? Aren't you his sponsor, or something? Surely your words would be more impactful than anything I could give. I'm just the stupid voice on the earpieces that tell you where to go."

Malevola's demeanor shifted slightly. Her arms were still crossed, but she slunk a little. Eyes cast down filled with worry. "I mean…you are technically our boss so…"

"So, you're all villains who are supposed to follow orders of a washed up hero. As Invisigal puts it. Sonar is barely listening to me now, I don't think I'm the person who needs to put him in his place." Robert raised a brow as Malevola's hand clenched, her frown deepening.

With a huff, Malevola turned to head towards the locker room. Only to pause to cast a glance over her shoulder to the dispatcher. "You're wrong…he'd listen to you. Probably more than if I talked to him."

Robert's face fell into a surprise at that. "I…doubt that."

"...Okay, sure, keep thinking that way." And with that, Malevola finally left.

"Well, at least they're keeping you on your toes." Came Chase's unwanted contribution to the conversation. The 'old man' casting a smirk as Robert looked over to him.

"Do you have any idea what she meant?" Robert asked.

"None, but I'm also going to say trust her on it. While she can be a bit of an ass, Malevola is weirdly enough the most grounded out of the lot of them. And she's helpful where she needs to be. If she says you need to talk to Sonar, you should."

"Huh, I didn't think you liked anyone on this team."

"I don't, but she's the least annoying in my opinion. Also, need I remind you that you are their fucking boss? If a team member is doing something stupid, it's your job to get them back on course."

"Okay, fine, but do you have a suggestion on how?" Robert asked, "He's not coming here and I'm not going to turn into a stalker to figure out where he lives."

"Then you'd better get to him before he leaves this morning. Like, right now, chop chop mister. I'll keep an eye on your delinquents for you." Chase placed his headset on and sat down, disappearing from Robert's view.

Well, that was that.

Letting out a huff of annoyance, Robert pushed away from his desk and followed the same path Malevola had taken moments before. He pointedly ignored the looks he was receiving, especially from the team he was supposed to be leading, as he entered the male locker room.

It was practically empty as everyone had finished their business and were starting to head out. Robert was worried for a brief moment that he'd missed his chance for that day. Only to turn the corner to where the stalls were to find Sonar there.

The hybrid was standing at a sink. The water turned on, Robert guessed it was set to hot by the steam that was traveling up. Sonar was using the smooth surface as support as he stared at his reflection in the mirror. Or that's what it appeared to be.

Robert, however, knew better. He recognized that stance anywhere. That is an internal reflection situation, and a tired one at that. Robert had lost full days to this mindset. Getting so caught up in the mess that was his broken mind that he forgot what it meant to be human. And it looked like Sonar was caught in one of those moments at that moment.

"Well, at least I know he's here." Robert commented to himself. Moving cautiously, because he didn't want to freak Sonar out to the point of turning full bat in the locker room, Robert eventually claimed the space next to the other. Sonar still unresponsive.

The hybrid didn't even really move until the water was turned off. Between outside movement and the squeaks from the handles being turned, it was enough of a change that Sonar snapped out of it. Eyes blinked furiously as he finally took his surroundings in.

"Hey, there we go. Thought you were going brain-dead on me." Robert commented, trying to sound casual.

"Hey, Bobert, what are you- Shit, where is everyone?"

"Already out and doing their thing. You've been here for a while now. Everything okay?" Robert did not like the fact that Sonar was not looking at him. Not just avoiding eye contact, but turning his head away to not *look* at Robert.

"Yeah, everything's fine. I just got a little caught up with…stuff. Don't worry about it."

“Uh huh, yeah, stuff…” Now that he was closer, Robert was able to take in how *wrong* Sonar looked.

Before this moment, the only time the semi-reformed villain looked a mess was when he’d been out of the field. Which was to be expected since hero work wasn’t always clean. That however was nothing compared to what Robert was seeing now. The normally combed and meticulously kept fur was now sticking up at odd angles. The suite, which Sonar always bragged of having it dry cleaned, was covered in wrinkles. The overall demeanor was off too. Sonar’s normal stance was shoulders back and head high, appearing determined and ready to face anything. Now he was slumped over, either from exhaustion, worry, or both.

“When was the last time you showered?”

“Rude.”

“I’m asking because you’re looking a little…off right now.”

Sonar’s ears twitched, his frown deepening. “Still rude.”

“Not if it means I’m asking out of concern for your health and safety.”

“I’m fine, Bobert.”

“When did you sleep last?”

The growl that came from Sonar caused Robert to take a few steps back. Fangs grew slightly as the hybrid’s eyes flashed red, which were focused on the dispatcher. “What’s with the 20 fucking questions? Just let me get my head on straight and I’ll be out.”

“Nope, out of the question. Until I deem that you’re better, you’re not going out onto the field.”

"What!?" That got the room shaking. Sonar's face twisting into pure rage. That was immediately put to a stop when Robert, gently, flicked his nose.

"None of that. As your boss, I'm making the executive order."

Still a little stunned by the attack to his nose, Sonar took a few minutes to make sure nothing was severely hurt before responding. "What about the higher ups? I don't think they'll be happy that you're taking a hero out of commission."

"We'll cross that bridge when we get there."

"What about my numbers?"

"They'll survive, and they won't do you any good if you collapse while working."

"But-"

"You're not arguing with me on this Sonar. We're taking today to make sure you take better care of yourself. …Starting with a shower."

Humiliated but defeated, Sonar followed Robert back to the rows of lockers. The dispatcher opened his own to rifle though his belongings, eventually pulling out two bottles. "Alright, one bottle is body soap. The other is 2-in-1. Go shower."

"Ew, 2-in-1? Do you know how damaging that is to your scalp?" Sonar argued.

"It's cheap, and right now the best way to get you clean. I have a feeling it's going to take more than one rising through to get all that built up gunk off. And I don't think you want to waste your best stuff on that. Now go shower before I drag you in myself." Robert crossed

his arms, eyes narrowing when Sonar didn't immediately move. The hybrid seemed a bit stunned at the moment. "Well?"

"That was kind of hot."

Not the reaction he was expecting.

"This isn't a hook up Sonar, this is getting you back to normal. Or as normal as it can be with your attitude."

"Alright, geez, I'm going." The hybrid grumbled as he made his way over to the showers. Leaving Robert behind to rummage through the rest of his items.

Sonar would definitely need something else to change into. Something that wasn't a suit. But nothing Robert had would fit the hybrid, the other was just too broad. Even Robert's biggest clothing items were going to be too tight.

"Hey, Sonar, what's your locker combination?"

"What?"

With an exhausting sigh escaping him, Robert closed his locker and headed to the showers himself. "I asked what is your…combination…"

Let it be known for everyone at this moment to recognize that…Robert had no idea what he was. Let's rephrase that a little. He had no idea what his 'preference' was when it came to romantic partners. Growing up, his life revolved around Mecha Man and becoming Mecha Man. Even with the Brave Brigade acting as his surrogate family, there wasn't a lot of time left open to relationships. Friends or otherwise. His father always stressed that more people meant more chances for being discovered. And when Robert was Mecha Man, the job came first.

Point being that connections of any kind was not a strong characteristic of Robert's. His whole life was built to keep everyone away. So it was a little bit of a confusing feeling that washed over him when he found Sonar.

The hybrid's outfit was crumpled at the entrance leading to the showering area. With his back currently facing where Robert was standing. Hands working tirelessly to detangle his fur while cleaning it with the borrowed products. Said fur covered a good portion of his back that eventually changed into smooth, pale skin below the hips. Even the shoulders were covered in it. There was muscle, God above was there *muscle*, that flexed and moved every time Sonar changed the area he was cleaning. And Robert could see *everything*.

Robert had seen naked bodies before, every part. Inside and out. Nothing had really phased him before because, well, it was just a body part. That's it. He knew to be respectful and look away or point out if someone was unintentionally showing more than they needed to. When it came down to it, breasts, penises, asses, it was all the human body and nothing to freak out over.

So *why* was Robert frozen, eyes traveling over every inch that was before him? Maybe because he wasn't in a life or death situation with a villain? Or maybe because, even with how much of Sonar's body looked human, he was just so…different. And that interested Robert in some way.

"You enjoying the show back there, Bobert?"

Robert felt something heavy land in his stomach. Eyes widening upon realizing that he'd been there, practically ogling his co-worker for who knows how long and that Sonar knew.

"Shit, fuck, sorry," Robert said quickly as he turned away, "Sorry, I was just asking to see if you had anything in your locker that you could wear. That wasn't a suit."

"Naw, that's all I bring to the table when I'm here."

“Okay, well, I don’t have anything to offer from my locker. I’m going to have to run down to medical and see what kind of sleepwear they have. Will you be alright by yourself?”

“Sure.”

“I’ll be back soon.” Robert took off without another word. Really hoping his face didn’t look as warm as he felt.

Completely missing the way Sonar watched him closely as he left.

Medical, thankfully, had exactly what Robert was looking for. He not only grabbed a sleepwear set of bottoms and a top, but also took underwear, socks, and footwear. He wasn’t fully sure what Sonar would need, but better to be safe than sorry. With everything piled together, Robert made his way back to the locker room. Taking his time to give himself a little longer to recollect himself before facing Sonar again.

He could tell that Sonar had finished in the shower as Robert couldn’t hear the water falling any more. Finding the hybrid on the benches closest to the showers, slowly drying himself off, with a number of used and clean towels at his feet. Robert made sure to clear his throat to announce his arrival.

“I’m back.”

Sonar replied with a low hum.

“You feeling okay?”

“Tired…” Sonar said softly, “That shower really made me tired.”

“Being clean will do that.” Robert frowned, watching as Sonar’s attempts to dry himself were lackluster at best. He placed the collected garments aside as he stepped closer to the other.

“Here, give me that. You’re not really making that big of an impact.”

There was a small noise of complaint as Sonar felt the towel be pulled from his grasp. But it was quickly forgotten as Robert began to run the towel over him. “I was fine…”

“Not really. I’m surprised you’re still sitting upright, you look exhausted.”

“Meh…it’s fine.”

“It’s not *fine*, Sonar. Look, I don’t know what got into your head to make you think you had to run yourself ragged like this. But you look like death warmed over and that’s not the best look for a hero.”

“Wanted to…impress…”

“Your numbers are fine, I told you.”

“No…you…”

Robert stills in his drying, a little stunned by that. Moving the towel enough so that he and Sonar could look each other in the eye. “...Why were you trying to impress me?”

“Because…you saved me…you kept me here… I had to show I wasn’t a lost cause…”

“Sonar…I can understand where you’re coming from with that line of thinking. But it’s a dangerous line of thinking. Your actions can’t be impressive if you die trying to prove a point. You just need to be your best, and that’s all I’ll ever ask for.”

“That seems very hypocritical." Sonar huffed.

“What do you mean?”

“Are you okay when you do ‘your best’?”

“I mean…yeah?”

Sonar huffed again and moved the towel completely off his head. “You don’t seem like someone who just settles, Mecha Man.”

There was an uncomfortable air that fell around them. Sonar’s eyes widening as he realizes what he’d just said. Quickly grabbing onto Robert’s wrists as he stepped away.

“Shit sorry, that just slipped out, I-”

“Who told you?” Robert demanded.

“...Technically, you did.”

“What, no I-”

“That first day, when you were having that fight with Invisigal, in the small kitchen area. I heard everything.”

“What- But how? You had that grinder on and it was so loud.”

“I have super hearing Bobert, and you two were shouting at each other. It wasn’t hard to hear you.”

Robert tried to slow his breathing, trying to calm down while Sonar kept a comfortable grip on him. “Have you…told anyone else?”

“No, and before you ask, I don’t plan on using the information against you. For all the shit that’s out there and with what you’ve faced… You don’t need anything else piled at your feet.”

“Okay…thank you.”

Sonar didn’t reply. Instead, he slowly turned over one of Robert’s hands so that his wrist was facing up. The hybrid leaning forward until his nose could just gently brush against the skin. Robert twitched at the sudden contact, feeling his face heating up hearing Sonar laugh.

“I can hear a lot of things, did you know that?” Sonar started, “It’s kind of a blessing and a curse. Because being able to hear so much, it can sometimes become just a fucking echo chamber of noise. But, it’s also awesome because I can hear the smaller details that so many people miss. …Like your heartbeat.”

Robert shivered weakly feeling lips pressed against his wrist this time.

“It’s fast now…and it was fast in the showers.” Sonar pulled away enough to look up at Robert, “You didn’t answer my question before.”

“Which…was what?” Robert asked.

“Did you enjoy the show?”

“I…don’t know.”

“You don’t know because it’s me? Or you don’t know because it’s you?”

“I don’t know what I like.”

Sonar slowly stood, Robert very happy to see that the towel wrapped around the other stayed in place. The hybrid leaned in closer while keeping Robert’s wrists in his hands. “You never explored when you were younger?”

“I didn’t have time.”

“Hero work doesn’t leave time?”

“Not when you’re on your own…”

“Can you make time now?”

Robert licked his lips. Something that Sonar narrowed on instantly. The dispatcher held his breath for a second to try and calm himself, replying with, “Why do you care?”

“Because I want to make time, but only if you’re interested.”

“What if I’m not?”

“Then I’ll keep trying to impress you.”

“And what if I am?”

“Are you?”

“...Possibly.”

“I need a yes or no, Bobert.”

Robert snorted hearing the nickname, ducking his head for a moment to collect himself before looking back up. “Then, yes, I am.”

The hands holding Robert’s wrist were removed, cupping his face gently the next second. Robert had a split second to understand what was happening before Sonar was kissing him. It was a little awkward at first. The fangs were a bit of a hassle to work around, but Sonar seemed to know what he was doing as he never pierced Robert’s skin. The hybrid’s hand slowly moved back down, barely touching Robert in a way that made him shiver, eventually resting on the dispatcher’s hips. Robert, on his part, rested his arms on the other’s shoulders. Uncaring at how quickly his clothing was becoming wet from the damp fur.

The kiss lasted for only a few seconds, but Robert was breathless when Sonar pulled away. Swallowing weakly, he whispered, “I thought you only have a thing for women?”

“Eh, I swing both ways,” Sonar replied softly, “Women do tend to be more…entertaining, if you will. But you have a pair of globes I wouldn’t mind playing with.”

Robert’s clarifying question to ask what the hell Sonar was on about was answered when the hybrid’s hands squeezed his bottom. The hero flushed darkly, but casted an unamused look Sonar’s way. “Watch it, Sonar, I’m not playing that far right now.”

“Victor.”

“What?”

“My name, my actual name, is Victor. I figured if I’m going to know a little about you, you should know a little about me. Only fair.”

“That is fair.” Robert winces as he pulls away, looking down at his now wet outfit, and sighs. “Guess I’ll need to change before heading out. I put your stuff down there, Sonar- I mean, Victor.”

“Sweet, you even guessed right on the size.”

Robert didn’t comment, leaving Victor to change while he headed back to his locker. Thankful that there was a spare work outfit waiting for him. It was a bit of an embarrassment when Robert realized how soaked he’d gotten when even his boxers had some wet spots, deciding changing everything would be the better route.

As he stripped, Robert felt a tingling sensation travel up his spine. A sense he’d obtained during his hero work that told him he was being watched. “You like what you see?”

“More than you could ever know,” Victor replied back, “Have I ever told you I have a thing for scars?”

“No, I don’t believe that’s come up in casual conversation before.”

“Well, I do, and now you know.”

“Guess that’s another tally on my scoreboard then.” Robert finished buttoning up his shirt as he turned to face Victor. Who was dressed as well, with a towel in hand as he tried to dry off more. “I’m assuming a blow dryer would be out of the question to use?”

“Makes my fur brittle. Plus, the *sound*. Ugh, no thank you.”

“Fair enough. How about we get you to medical so you can actually sleep before I save Chase for the rest of the Z-Team.” It took everything for Robert to not smile seeing Victor’s ears droop in disappointment.

“You’re not staying with me?”

“I’m still technically on the clock. The only reason I’m not being hunted down right now for not being at my desk is because I’m helping you. Now get moving. If you drop, I don’t think I’ll be able to carry you.”

“I don’t know. You got some muscles on those stick arms of yours.”

“You certainly have a way with words.”

The duo made their way through the SDN headquarters, unbothered by anyone, which was a bit of a relief. They arrive at the medical section soon enough. Robert signed off for a room to let Victor rest and opened the door with an expected look.

“You’re going to sleep for the rest of the day. And I mean *sleep*. No looking at your stocks, or checking on the team, or…I can’t really think of a third thing off the top of my head.”

“Like pleasuring myself with the memory of what happened down in the locker room?” Victor smirked when Robert lightly punched his arm.

“There are other people here resting, don’t be an ass.”

“Can I at least think of yours.”

“Would you just get inside, I have a desk to get back to and-” Robert was interrupted when a now familiar pair of lips claimed his once more. Not putting up much of a fight as he kissed back, eyes closing as he fell into the sensation.

Victor pulled away first. Offering a smirk and knowing wink to Robert before walking into the assigned room. “I’ll sleep, Bobert, promise.”

“We just swapped spit twice, can you at least call me by my actual name.”

“One, that’s nothing compared to actual spit swapping.”

“Gross.”

“Two, I think Bobert is better for you. Or are you more interested in a nickname like-”

“Don’t even finish that thought. I’ll be back at lunch to make sure you’re resting and that you eat something.” Robert watched from the doorway as Victor climbed into the rather large bed. Smiling softly hearing the hybrid give out a contentful sigh as he closed his eyes.

Robert made sure the lights were off and the other had properly settled in before whispering, “Sleep well…Victor.”

There was a small hum in response, Robert a little shocked that he even got that since it seemed Victor was already asleep. Closing the door gently behind him, the dispatcher made his way back to his desk. Trying not to laugh at the deadpanned look of annoyance Chase gave when Robert finally did return.

“What the fuck took you so long? I’m ready to go out onto the field myself just to get it over with if it means not having to listen to these idiots any more.”

“Alright, gramps, I can take it from here.”

Chase's comment fell short when he gave a once over on Robert. “Did you change?”

“Uh, yeah, issues in the showers. They…splash water.”

“...What the fuck, Robert. Did you hit your head? Are you concussed?”

“No, Chase, I’m fine.” Robert took his seat, placing the headset on and addressing his team. Who replied back with bullshit and smack talk. He ignored it as he looked over to Victor’s grayed out icon. Fingers reaching up to touch his lips, unable to hold back a smile.

“Everything’s fine.”

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